

RING OUT, RING IN.



Ring out, wild bells,
to the wild sky,
The flying cloud,
The frosty light,
The year is dying
in the night,
Ring out, wild bells,
and let him die.

Ring out the old,
ring in the new,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But bring the louder minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite of snow;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

A HOLIDAY ROMANCE.

How the Handsome Blonde Young Man Kept New Year's Day.



HEY boarded in the same house. She was a sparkling brunette, with a plump, shapely figure, rose-bud lips and deep-red cheeks. Her eyes were blue and fell in pretty clusters over her noble forehead, and were gathered into massed, ivy-like coils, artistically braided in her neck. Her deep, glorious eyes were resplendent with a warm light, and had in their half-shy expression, a charm which fascinated for weal or woe. She was endeavoring to enjoy her dinner, but was nervous and restless.

He was a blonde, with a quantity of mustache and whiskers close cut. He sat at a table opposite the charming brunette, and do what he might, he could not avoid gazing at her. Every two minutes their eyes met, at which she regularly blushed, fidgeted and frowned, and he inwardly blessed the good fortune which had placed him opposite such a revelation of loveliness.

They were, ere long, introduced; but their acquaintance seemed not to prosper. One thing and another occurred to separate rather than unite them. She had other friends and needed him not; he was busy and cared not for her.

An occasion of the fall slipped by, and in this way the night of the morning, evening, never at both times, a few words extremely commonplace as they met on the stairs, a merely polite bow met on the street was all their communication.

As has been said, she seemed nervous at the table, and every mouthful of food carefully scrutinized before she enjoyed its flavor—possibly the only all events she suddenly changed her seat, peering unbrokenly at the charming and unbroken attention of her back to the careful attention she thought merrily. Unquestionably she discomforted him and this would entirely discomfort him, in just what force him to capitulate, in just what manner she did not know.

But, strange to relate, he survived this rebuff. He lived along as before, and weighed as heavily, as he had before. In fact he slept at night as serenely. In fact, he rather enjoyed the occasional views of her profile, perhaps, as much as her full face. But it must be confessed that he noticed the pointed out and laid it away among his keepsakes—for he had many such to gladden his lonely hours.

Thus the early winter passed, and she could not help but think now and then of this innocent young man she had so cruelly ignored. In fact, as is often the case if we endeavor to put a thought from us, he came ever more often to her mind. Her many admirers seemed less attractive; their compliments were hackneyed, heartless; she longed for a new voice, an unexpected remark, a new conquest. And feeling that way it was perfectly natural that she should think of the blonde young man, who patiently smiled at the back of her head during dinner. Ah! how she longed to resume her old seat! How she longed to undo all that her foolish perverseness had done! She even laid awake nights planning to bring about the proper result.



THIS STOOD ON THE BUREAU.

And yet preserve her dignity—for she would part with her life more gladly than with her dignity.

And all this time, too, gave many thoughts to the sweet brunette; not sentimental thoughts, not romantic thoughts, not particularly interesting thoughts, but very ordinary musings, as he admired over and over again the ease with which her back hair was ranged; the superb fit of her tailor-made dress; the round plumpness of her arms; the soft whiteness of her hand.

Gossips will circulate in a boarding-house—mysteriously, to be sure, but still it goes. And one day while she was in her little room—his room was at the opposite end of the hall—she overheard two of the servants discussing certain photographs. She learned they were in his room. She also learned that they were photographs of ladies. Now, the dominant characteristic of the feminine mind is curiosity. Sorry to say so, but it is true. Some will go to almost any length to appease it. And many a woman has brought trouble on herself and friends to gratify it. And our little heroine was plentifully supplied with this valuable article.

"Can he have another girl?" she asked herself; then quickly answered it: "Of course he has! But perhaps he is engaged! Think of it—engaged! Is such a thing possible?"

And fully impressed with the horror of the thought, she flung her door open. There was no one in the hall; the door of his room was open, for it was the day after Christmas and he was out of town—gone to see that other perhaps. Her mother was out—no chance of detection from that quarter. She remembered that the occupants of the other room were also away for Christmas—no one to discover her there. Surely the coast was clear. Yes, she saw it, and with a rapid step walked boldly into his room. Ah! how she flushed at her own pretty face in his mirror—a dainty hand-painted thing—doubtless the gift of that other. But what other? She looked around and saw, not one feminine face, as she expected, but many. But there was one which seemed to have the most prominence. This stood on the bureau, and she bent over to examine it closely.

The upper drawer of the bureau was open a little way, all closed in, in good order. She had been studying the photograph, perhaps a minute, rapidly and critically, when she was horrified by hearing the front door in the hall below open and shut heavily and a rapid step came hurrying up the stairs. She turned pale with fright, for she recognized his quick step, and never had it seemed so dangerously quick—never had she experienced such a sensation of perfect dismay. Not pausing longer, she turned abruptly to hazard a run into her own room, for he had climbed but one flight of stairs—there was yet time.

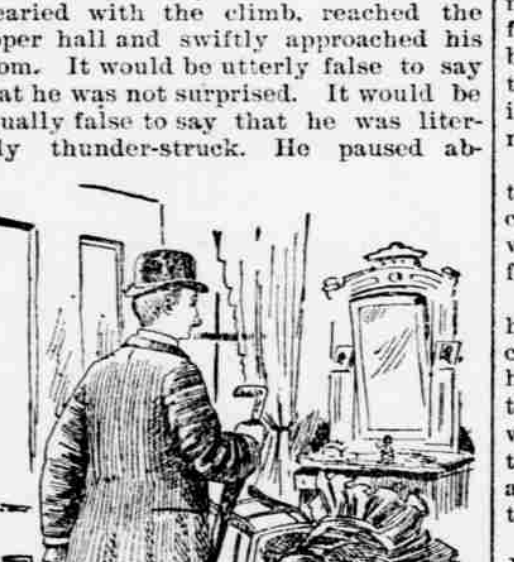
At her bosom she wore a dainty glove-button of oxidized silver—a pretty thing, the gift of a dear friend. It had become dislodged from its resting-place as she sat reading in her own room, and when the thought of those photographs came to her, she thought suddenly that she still further loosened it, while bending over the picture on his bureau it hung by just the slightest thread, and when she turned quickly to fly it fell into the partly-open drawer. She heard the noise as it fell, but could not pause to find it as so critical a moment.

When she entered the room—his room—she easily dodged around a chair, which was placed a little awkwardly in the center of the room; but in her endeavor to escape she thought not of that obstruction, but rushed into it, overturned the chair, which fell with a crash, and, humbled most pitiously, she sprawled full length upon the floor, a dozen hair-pins flying in all directions. Alas! for her lovely dignity!

Just as this juncture, a little weary with the climb, reached the upper hall and swiftly approached his room. It would be utterly false to say that he was not surprised. It would be equally false to say that he was literally thunder-struck. He paused ab-

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HE PAUSED ABRUPTLY UPON THE THRESHOLD.

ruptly upon the threshold as if spell-bound. His valise and umbrella fell to the floor, and he swayed back and forth until he was satisfied that the clanging of the door-way lest he, too, might fall. This weakness, of course, lasted but a moment, and as he realized the situation, as he saw the chair upon his back, the proud girl motionless upon the floor, he aid for hair dressing scattered about in profusion, a faint smile lit his face—the next moment, however, his expression changed, for he remained so quiet that he feared she might be dangerously hurt. So he bent over her, lifted gently to her feet, and sought to soothe her pain. It is a blessing. A robust sure he that no harm was more to be prized than a constitution is more to be prized than a mint of money. But for once in her life she longed to be a delicate, sensitive creature, able to swoon at the slightest notice. For would it not have been a beautiful to be unconscious at that time, and many parts of her body, for she felt heavily, but, alas! her blood came and went as usual, and her mind was perfectly clear. His arms were about her; his hands were wiping the blood from her face—a little scratch received from the corner of the chair; his voice was speaking polite and comforting, and it even seemed affectionate words; but still she sobbed, her heart nearly broken.

He inwardly thanked God for this opportunity, but was not seriously hurt. After which he withdrew his supporting arm, and she would have fled precipitately. But when her whole weight came upon her shocked muscles they refused to give her their accustomed aid, and she staggered so helplessly that he at once came to her relief. A few moments later she was reclining in a large chair in her own pretty room, and he was sitting in the center of it, wondering what she happened to be so found.

"Very well," he answered. "I hope you are not seriously hurt." "After which he withdrew his supporting arm, and she would have fled precipitately. But when her whole weight came upon her shocked muscles they refused to give her their accustomed aid, and she staggered so helplessly that he at once came to her relief. A few moments later she was reclining in a large chair in her own pretty room, and he was sitting in the center of it, wondering what she happened to be so found."

"I will go—go—by myself," she stammered, as she reached the threshold.

"Very well," he answered. "I hope you are not seriously hurt." "After which he withdrew his supporting arm, and she would have fled precipitately. But when her whole weight came upon her shocked muscles they refused to give her their accustomed aid, and she staggered so helplessly that he at once came to her relief. A few moments later she was reclining in a large chair in her own pretty room, and he was sitting in the center of it, wondering what she happened to be so found."

thought came to his mind, still he was not so conceited as to believe it at first. He collected the hairpins and a dainty, ice-trimmed handkerchief and placed them carefully in one corner of the bureau drawer before mentioned. As he was about to turn away his eye fell upon the glove-button, and with an inward laugh and a sentimental twinge at his heart he gazed rapidly at it, and then, with a sigh which may have meant very much, put it with the other spoils and dropped into his great chair to think.

Several days flew swiftly by to the busy workers of this bustling city, but they hung very heavily upon the hands of two fated mortals. He resumed his seat as usual at the table, but she came not. Day after day went by and she was not seen; and his heart beat more wildly as he surveyed her vacant chair, knowing so well the cause of its abandonment. Her mother seemed to him no way changed towards him, and no friends seemed not to be aware of the remarkable coincidence.

Sunday came, and he felt sure that she would then show herself, but he was disappointed. Sunday evening after church he was alone, and he was troubled that he summoned the necessary courage and asked her mother if Miss — was seriously ill. And this was her answer:

"Yes, we are greatly worried about her. She sleeps at all—only in fitful naps. She eats almost nothing. She has a high fever, and really we are much alarmed. The strangest part is that we can not account for it in any way."

Hearing this, it is not strange that he found little sleep that night. He saw that his pride and shame were killing her. He knew not why, but his own heart was filled with very peculiar sensations, and do what he might he could not think consecutively of any thing or anyone but her.

This state of affairs continued until New Year's morning at about half-past eleven o'clock. She, for the first time, left her little room and quickly entered her mother's. His door was open a little way, and he caught a glimpse of her dress—the same she had worn a week ago when he so surprisingly found her. He was at that moment examining for the hundredth time her belongings he had carefully put away. And as he saw her enter her mother's room a thought came to him, or, rather, courage came to him—sufficient to carry out the hiding of a thought he had cherished for many days.

He stopped not to consider for fear his heart might grow faint, but quickly wrote a few words on his card and tied the hairpins, glove-button, and handkerchief with it into a neat package. Then tremblingly he sought the mother's bedroom door. The honored lady responded to his knock, and with a very flushed face he stammered:

"Pardon—I think—I should say this—these belong to your daughter."

After which he made a very shame-faced retreat. A few moments the good woman stared in blank amazement at the package she held, but she had not long to meditate thus. The daughter, who was reclining on a sofa in a most exhausted manner, suddenly revived, new strength as she heard his voice, and springing to her feet, she pulled her mother into the room, tore the package from her and burst its cord in almost breathless haste. The mother was by this time thoroughly amazed and sank into a chair, not really knowing what next to expect.

The daughter read the few words upon the card at least a dozen times. Tears came to her eyes; her bosom heaved with mighty sighs, and she buried her face in the cushions of the sofa.

Alarmed at this the mother went to her child, and when she became more calm she laid her beautiful head upon her mother's lap and told her every thing. Then she seized a piece of paper, wrote a few words, tied it with the hairpins, and handed it to her mother, and induced her mother to return it to the room at the end of the hall.

This done, the mother entered the daughter's room, and the heart-stricken young man almost immediately entered her room, where he again met that most bewitching brunette.

And now my tale is done. It were not proper or fair to tell what words, what sighs, what promises were exchanged that New Year morning. Suffice it to say that with the old year died all their differences, all their causes for sorrow, and with the New Year came love, peace and joy. This is but a silly love story. I hear the reader remark, and yet are there not many groundless loves, and misunderstandings between those who should be friends or lovers which by a slight effort can be put away in the grave of the old year? Let this New Year smile on all and frown on none.—F. W. Pearson.

The character of each year's living will depend very much upon the beginning of each year. Well-begun years will have a better beginning of a new year would have been encouraging as to an annual contribution to a well-spent life. Well-begun years are demanded for well-spent lives.

It is related that "there exists a beautiful country in Germany where it would be well to imitate everywhere. On the first day of the New Year, whatever may have been the quarrels or estrangements between friends and relatives, mutual visits are interchanged, kindly greetings given and received—all is forgotten and forgiven. Let this custom begin with reconciliation to God; there friendship and fellowship may be found that shall be blessed and lasting."

Fitting thoughts, upon entering a New Year, have found utterance as follows:

"We are standing on the threshold, we are in the open door. The border-land we have never trod before. The year is opening, and another year is passing the darkness of the night; we are in the early morn; the fields behind us o'er which we have passed; the future which none of us can see; the weeds, the stones, the sun, the harvest; we hope for sixty years, to thresh and reap; welcome, and let the old year, press onward in the year. For God and for the future."

DISEASES OF CATTLE.

The National Conference of State Boards of Live-Stock Commissioners at Springfield, Ill.—Resolutions Adopted to Local and Other Governing Officials Adopted—An Organization Formed and Officers Elected.

The National Conference of State Boards of Live-Stock Commissioners met recently at Springfield, Ill. The convention organized by the election of Hon. T. C. Jones, of Ohio, chairman, and C. H. Johnson, of Illinois, secretary. The following are the resolutions adopted by the conference:

1. That the National Conference of State Boards of Live-Stock Commissioners be organized as a permanent body, to be known as the National Conference of State Boards of Live-Stock Commissioners, and that the first meeting of the conference be held at Springfield, Ill., in 1900.

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EDISON'S FIENDISH CLOCK.

The Wizard's Latest Invention Is Disablen in Its Possibilities.

Thomas Edison, the phenomenal inventor, has reached a critical stage in his career, and it would be a strange sarcasm of fate if his latest invention should be made him abhorrent to the growing generation. Over in his laboratory at Llewellyn Park is his invention. It has been tried and found perfect, and it is a photographic clock, which, instead of chiming the hours, calls them out at every quarter in the full of clearness. It may be fitted with any set to suit the purposes for which it may be intended. To a reporter it was exhibited yesterday.

The inventor was cheery and playful as he always is. "The clock," said he, "is a marvel, and if it were only in the market now it might save you reporters a great deal of worryment. For instance, say you are at a political meeting with a dozen speakers carded. They are to each have a half hour. You know what a flection that is. But now, if you had a clock like this, see how it would work," and here Mr. Edison placed a set within it. He pointed the hand to the quarter of an hour and a voice came ringing out: "This speaker is half through." At the half hour the clock blurted out: "The audience will please not encore. The gentleman now gives way to another."

"The only fear I have," continued Mr. Edison, "is that the young unmarried folks may not relish it. You are married, are you? Well, I don't give this out to the newspapers. I am an old man, and I will give you one that you may present to the family into which you aspire to be admitted. It will be a fibber. I'm a little in doubt about the popularity of the parlor clock with younger people."

Mr. Edison has good reason to fear that the clock will be sweet and tantalizing ornament to a pair of ardent lovers than a matrimonial parlor. Fancy, for instance, a Sunday evening in a cozy parlor with two hearts beating as one startled by the voice from the mantel: "Good-night, a fond good-night. In another hour it will be midnight." Then dolefully at a quarter past and each succeeding quarter comes out its hoarse croakings, until 11:55, when it blurted out:

"In five minutes more it will be tomorrow, and every ten minutes subsequently the air is filled with its mauling, such as: 'Ah! how still the hour, ha, ha!' 'Methinks I hear the spirit of thy mamma upon the stairs.' 'Please don't look at me, it is my misfortune that I must warn you that the hour is half past twelve.' 'Did I hear you ask me to get that hat?' 'Will you kindly remember me in your prayers?' 'Look out! I hear a footstep. Ha, ha! I was only fooling with you.' 'I'll soon have to call father to go to his office.'"

And so the clock jabbers on most expectoratingly. Of course, the words are said to suit the circumstances. If the wooer be a favored person of course the language will be much different, the words of the clock will be sweet and smirking, and the words coy and captivating.—N. Y. Press.

—The Chinese are fairly overrunning the Sandwich Islands. They number one-fifth of the population, and monopolize many branches of mercantile business, while there are six Chinese mechanics out of every seven of this class on the islands. The natives feel their predominance keenly, but as the Chinese are the most vigorous and progressive race, the islanders will have to submit to the logic of events. It seems to be their manifest destiny to give place to a stronger people. The islanders of the Pacific are no match for the hardy and energetic Chinese.

—The first white settler in the city of St. Paul came in the year 1822. To-day the population of the capital of Minnesota is 200,000. The first log cabin was erected in 1828; to-day the city boasts of some of the finest business and residence buildings in the American continent. The town site was located in 1847; the capital in 1851. The first survey of the city was made in 1851; the chamber of commerce organized in 1867. The original St. Paul proper, platted in 1847, contained about eighty acres. The present area of the city contains 35,492 acres.

—According to the government returns the wealthiest man in Berlin has an income of only \$125,000 a year. What is that compared to Vanderbilt's capital of twenty millions? and yet the German property owner aforesaid passes in Berlin for a Czar. Only 8 other persons in Berlin have incomes exceeding \$50,000. Nine receive annually above \$20,000, and 162 above \$5,000. There are only 926 persons whose incomes amount to \$2,000. There is not a poorer capital in all Europe.

—A young man of Warsaw ordered a dress suit from a tailor, who agreed to deliver it on a certain day. The tailor failed, and hence a curious lawsuit. The plaintiff alleged that he had arranged to go to an evening party at which he had resolved to offer his hand to the daughter of the house. Because of the failure of his dress coat he could not go, but his rival went, proposed and was accepted, and the plaintiff considered himself damaged to the value of the lost bride.

—As an instance of the quick way in which some things are done nowadays, it is told that in a late divorce trial in Maine, at the moment when the judge was decreeing the divorce, the clerk held in his hand a telegram from the libelee asking to be informed as soon as the husband obtained his divorce, as she and another man were waiting to be married as soon as it could legally be done.

—It is a good thing we are not all rich and lazy. If some of us were not poor the world would starve to death. It is the poor people that keep things moving.

—All right, having live-stock sanitary

commissions and State veterinarians are called to representation of their entire board and State Veterinarian, and all States in which the execution of live-stock sanitary laws is placed in the hands of other State boards are entitled to representation of four delegates, to include the State Veterinarian, if there such an officer in the State, and the secretary of such board.

The following were recommended and elected for officers of the association for the ensuing year: For president, Hon. I. C. Jones, of Ohio; for vice-presidents, Hon. H. H. Hinds, of Michigan; Hon. John M. Pearson, of Illinois; Hon. Adams Earle, of Indiana; for secretary, C. P. Johnson, of Illinois.

The association then adjourned to meet in Springfield, Ill., next year at such time as the executive committee should designate.

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FOREIGN MARRIAGES.

Trials of a Chicago Woman Who Now Is Neither Maid, Wife, Nor Widow.

Another illustration of the dangers attending marriages between foreigners and Americans, when the latter are ignorant of the legal formalities required in Europe to render the union valid, is furnished by the case of a young and charming widow well known in Chicago. About five years ago she made the acquaintance of Lieutenant de Servan, one of the most distinguished officers of the French navy, who gained the officer's cross of the Legion of Honor for the great gallantry which he displayed during the insurrection in New Caledonia. Like many other officers of his rank, he accepted in 1883 a temporary engagement as captain or first officer of one of the French transatlantic liners, and it was while acting as such that he first met the lady in question, who was a passenger on board his vessel. The acquaintance soon ripened into intimacy and love, and a few weeks later M. de Servan and the young widow were married in London by an American clergyman of New York. The bride was ignorant of the fact that the consent of M. de Servan's parents, granted in proper legal form, was necessary to render her marriage valid according to French law, and her husband took no pains to enlighten her of the subject.

Shortly after the wedding, which took place on June 21, 1884, M. de Servan placed on the Transatlantic Steamship Company an appointment as naval superintendent at St. Nazaire, where he took up his residence with his wife. They lived happily enough for a time, but in 1887 a serious quarrel took place between them, and M. de Servan obtained his transfer to Nantes, leaving her in St. Nazaire. A few months later, having by the beauty and fortune of a Mlle. de Dorides, he began proceedings to obtain a divorce from Mlle. de Servan, but an annulment of his marriage, on the ground that consent of his parents had not been obtained, and that the ceremony of marriage had been performed by an American clergyman in a country where no legal ceremony of parties was at home. Before the case had ever come up for hearing M. de Servan declared the bans of his marriage with Mlle. de Dorides to be published at Paris and Nantes. On reading the announcement thereof in the newspapers, the American newspaper Mlle. de Servan immediately wrote to the mayor of Nantes, explaining her position, and demanding that he should refuse to permit any further publication of the bans to be made at the Hotel de Ville. The mayor gave way to her request and forbade both the publication of the bans and the celebration of the marriage with Mlle. de Dorides until the courts had pronounced their verdict as to the validity of the London marriage. Last week the judgment was given in the matter. The court decided that the ceremony performed in London did not constitute a legal marriage according to French law, and that the American lady who had borne the name of De Servan had no just claim to it. The court, moreover, declared that under the circumstances no legal objection existed to M. de Servan's marriage with Mlle. de Dorides, and the wedding took place at once. The unfortunate American, whose case has excited much sympathy throughout France, is about to return to Chicago, her position in this country having become unbearable.—Paris Cor. N. Y. Tribune.

—The Chinese are fairly overrunning the Sandwich Islands. They number one-fifth of the population, and monopolize many branches of mercantile business, while there are six Chinese mechanics out of every seven of this class on the islands. The natives feel their predominance keenly, but as the Chinese are the most vigorous and progressive race, the islanders will have to submit to the logic of events. It seems to be their manifest destiny to give place to a stronger people. The islanders of the Pacific are no match for the hardy and energetic Chinese.

—The first white settler in the city of St. Paul came in the year 1822. To-day the population of the capital of Minnesota is 200,000. The first log cabin was erected in 1828; to-day the city boasts of some of the finest business and residence buildings in the American continent. The town site was located in 1847; the capital in 1851. The first survey of the city was made in 1851; the chamber of commerce organized in 1867. The original St. Paul proper, platted in 1847, contained about eighty acres. The present area of the city contains 35,492 acres.

—According to the government returns the wealthiest man in Berlin has an income of only \$125,000 a year. What is that compared to Vanderbilt's capital of twenty millions? and yet the German property owner aforesaid passes in Berlin for a Czar. Only 8 other persons in Berlin have incomes exceeding \$50,000. Nine receive annually above \$20,000, and 162 above \$5,000. There are only 926 persons whose incomes amount to \$2,000. There is not a poorer capital in all Europe.

—A young man of Warsaw ordered a dress suit from a tailor, who agreed to deliver it on a certain day. The tailor failed, and hence a curious lawsuit. The plaintiff alleged that he had arranged to go to an evening party at which he had resolved to offer his hand to the daughter of the house. Because of the failure of his dress coat he could not go, but his rival went, proposed and was accepted, and the plaintiff considered himself damaged to the value of the lost bride.

—As an instance of the quick way in which some things are done nowadays, it is told that in a late divorce trial in Maine, at the moment when the judge was decreeing the divorce, the clerk held in his hand a telegram from the libelee asking to be informed as soon as the husband obtained his divorce, as she and another man were waiting to be married as soon as it could legally be done.

—It is a good thing we are not all rich and lazy. If some of us were not poor the world would starve to death. It is the poor people that keep things moving.

—All right, having live-stock sanitary

commissions and State veterinarians are called to representation of their entire board and State Veterinarian, and all States in which the execution of live-stock sanitary laws is placed in the hands of other State boards are entitled to representation of four delegates, to include the State Veterinarian, if there such an officer in the State, and the secretary of such board.

The following were recommended and elected for officers of the association for the ensuing year: For president, Hon. I. C. Jones, of Ohio; for vice-presidents, Hon. H. H. Hinds, of Michigan; Hon. John M. Pearson, of Illinois; Hon. Adams Earle, of Indiana; for secretary, C. P. Johnson, of Illinois.

The association then adjourned to meet in Springfield, Ill., next year at such time as the executive committee should designate.

—The Wizard's Latest Invention Is Disablen in Its Possibilities.

Thomas Edison, the phenomenal inventor, has reached a critical stage in his career, and it would be a strange sarcasm of fate if his latest invention should be made him abhorrent to the growing generation. Over in his laboratory at Llewellyn Park is his invention. It has been tried and found perfect, and it is a photographic clock, which, instead of chiming the hours, calls them out at every quarter in the full of clearness. It may be fitted with any set to suit the purposes for which it may be intended. To a reporter it was exhibited yesterday.

The inventor was cheery and playful as he always is. "The clock," said he, "is a marvel, and if it were only in the market now it might save you reporters a great deal of worryment. For instance, say you are at a political meeting with a dozen speakers carded. They are to each have a half hour. You know what a flection that is. But now, if you had a clock like this, see how it would work," and here Mr. Edison placed a set within it. He pointed the hand to the quarter of an hour and a voice came ringing out: "This speaker is half through." At the half hour the clock blurted out: "The audience will please not encore. The gentleman now gives way to another."

"The only fear I have," continued Mr. Edison, "is that the young unmarried folks may not relish it. You are married, are you? Well, I don't give this out to the newspapers. I am an old man, and I will give you one that you may present to the family into which you aspire to be admitted. It will be a fibber. I'm a little in doubt about the popularity of the parlor clock with younger people."

Mr. Edison has good reason to fear that the clock will be sweet and tantalizing ornament to a pair of ardent lovers than a matrimonial parlor. Fancy, for instance, a Sunday evening in a cozy parlor with two hearts beating as one startled by the voice from the mantel: "Good-night, a fond good-night. In another hour it will be midnight." Then dolefully at a quarter past and each succeeding quarter comes out its hoarse croakings, until 11:55, when it blurted out:

"In five minutes more it will be tomorrow, and every ten minutes subsequently the air is filled with its mauling, such as: 'Ah! how still the hour, ha, ha!' 'Methinks I hear the spirit of thy mamma upon the stairs.' 'Please don't look at me, it is my misfortune that I must warn you that the hour is half past twelve.' 'Did I hear you ask me to get that hat?' 'Will you kindly remember me in your prayers?' 'Look out! I hear a footstep. Ha, ha! I was only fooling with you.' 'I'll soon have to call father to go to his office.'"

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